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LION KING

A NATURAL FUN AND LEARN SERIES

35

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Grapevine

Hi there!

This week our intrepid explorers take a look at wind. Timon hales any breeze if he's downwind of Pumbaa (who wouldn't?), but he was amazed at how important moving air is. For example, some plants use it to spread their seeds; birds soar on rising air currents, and spiders on threads of silk are blown across the sea to colonize new lands. Not to mention the fact that wind brings changes in the weather. Blow me over, I had no idea how important wind really is!

Kim

Write to:
Kim,
The Lion King,
PO Box 1,
Hastings TN35 4PL.

WHAT AN EARFUL

A murder enquiry was launched yesterday when what were thought to be the remains of human ears were found in the English countryside. They were discovered by woodland residents, who were the dutifully spied by the findings. "It's horrible," said a local rabbit. "I can't believe anything so awful could have happened in our area." In fact, nothing awful had happened! When the evidence was examined, they were found not to be ears. But Jew's ear fungus. What a relief for everyone.



Why are octopuses kings of the ocean?
Because they are soft animals.
Sarah Fellers



TASTING TOOTSIES

For most of us, the first time we taste something is when it goes into our mouths. (Mind you, I can guess what a delicious-looking art tastes like before I pop it into mine!) But flies have a real advantage; they taste through their feet. These are covered with sweet-sensitive taste buds, millions of times more efficient than those on the human tongue. The taste buds can detect traces of sugar, so flies have only to walk across something to know if it'll make a tasty meal!

PRESS CARD
Food is Drink
Ants!



Katherine Hill, age 9



PRESS CARD
Sports Reporter
Cheetah

REACHING NEW DEPTHS

Contestants in this year's diving competition were not surprised when, once again, Mr Sperm Whale took the gold medal. He descended to an amazing depth of 3000m, staying underwater for nearly two hours. Wow! I interviewed him for a sport's profile in Grapevine. "How can you dive so deep and stay underwater for such a long time?" I asked. "Well," he replied, "for a start I get plenty of practice, because my favourite food is squid and they live deep in the sea. Also, I have a special waxy substance in my head. As I get deeper, the wax gets heavier to help me sink. As I come back up again, the wax gets lighter."



Muri MacDonald, age 9

What did the stag say to his children?
Jump in Gang!
Lorraine Walker

There are 10 spiders like this one creeping round this magazine! Can you find them?



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A funky monkey bookmark
so that you'll never lose
your page!

OUT FOR

SIMBA'S WORLD

W. WOLF, MARY ANN, JILL, AND JIMMY'S REPORTS ON THE
 ORDINARY AND EXTRAORDINARY BIRDS OF THE
 AFRICAN SAFARI. (C) 1999. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.
 WEATHERED BY THE WIND, RAIN, AND SUN.

Weaver birds

Weaver birds are small seed-eaters. They're shaped like corbys or sparrows with thick, short bills and, in most species, short tails. The females are usually dull colored but the males often have bright red, yellow, or shiny black feathers, especially during the breeding season. These birds are the nest builders and most of them mate with several females and end up building several nests each year.

Weavers are born with their weaving skills, but young birds usually make several attempts at building before they can make a nest that is good enough to place a female. If a female rejects a male's nest he has to start another one.

QUELEA FLOCKS

Many weavers live together in flocks, feeding, breeding and traveling in huge numbers. Red-bellied queleas, who belong to the weaver family, fly over the grassland in such vast flocks that from a distance they look like clouds of smoke. They travel in hundreds of columns tens of miles long of food. One of the most common and the most spectacular is the quelea. This means that the queleas will have plenty of seeds to eat when they leave the nest.



A flock of queleas.
 A flock of queleas flying over the savanna.
 (C) 1999. All rights reserved.

SHOWING OFF

During the breeding season, the male Jackson's widowbird performs a courtship dance. He starts with a long, slow, graceful glide, then a series of rapid, jerky movements. He then jumps into the air, showing off his long, black tail feathers. He ends the dance by landing on the ground and facing the female.



SHOWING OFF
 The male Jackson's widowbird makes the most of his 20cm-long tail during courtship. He shows the females by jumping into the air, showing his head back and curving forward some of his tail feathers so that they touch his neck.

WOW!

Experts think that there are about 1500 million queleas in the world which is more than any other kind of bird.

When a flock of 100,000 queleas flies down into a field of millet or wheat, it is a disaster for the owner as the birds can strip the field entirely of grain. Although each quelea only weighs 20g it can eat 3g of seeds in a day.

LOOKALIKE CHICKS

Most widowbirds lay 5-6 eggs in the nest of one particular kind of bird.

For example the short-tailed whydah, whose only chooses the nest of the violet-necked waxbill. Although the black and gold adult whydah looks completely different to the waxbill, which has violet breast and cheek feathers, its chicks almost identical to the waxbill's. Because of this, the waxbill parent often mistakes the whydah chick for its own and feeds it along with the other chicks.



NEST STYLES

Weaver birds' nests vary in size, shape and location. Some are globe-shaped, some are shaped like lemons, others like onions and a few weavers make rather untidy bundles of grass. The entrance holes can either be at the side or at the bottom.

Like most small birds, weavers are preyed on by larger animals. They try to protect themselves from snakes, monkeys and birds of prey in various ways. Some hang their nests side by side at the end of thin branches, often over water, where it's more difficult for a predator to climb up. Entrance holes on the bottom of the nest make it harder for an intruder to get at the eggs or chicks. Although these nests are easy to see, nesting so close together means that there are always some birds about to give a warning if a predator approaches. Other weaver birds hide their nests in tall reeds or grass, attaching them to the side of the stems.



SIMBA SAYS
Those sociable weavers sure do have the nest-building bug. They keep repairing and adding new bits to their mega-nests until...
Crack! Thud! The tree comes crashing to the ground. Then they have to start all over again.



AIN THE GRASS
The grasshopper weaver builds itself a large, globe-shaped nest which is anchored to the stems of reeds or tall grasses.

► UNDER ONE ROOF
Large numbers of sociable weavers make their nests in the same tree and cover them with a thatched roof. It looks as if a haystack has been lifted into the tree. There can be up to 300 individual nests, all sharing a domed roof of dried grasses.



VILLAGE WEAVERS

Like queleas, village weavers breed together in big colonies, sometimes with hundreds of pairs nesting in the same tree. Nest building is a noisy, boisterous time. The brightly coloured males scour the land around their chosen tree for building materials, such as pieces of grass and strips of leaves.



A The weaver has chosen a forked twig as his frame. First he threads a strip of grass over one of the branches and knots it, using his beak and feet. Then he collects more strips and knots them on to both branches of the forked twig in the same way. Gradually he builds up a ring of woven strips.



A The busy male adds more and more strips, pulling them tight with his beak to make a thick, tightly woven ball. He leaves an entrance hole at the bottom and builds up a wall of grasses just inside so that the eggs won't roll out. He often attaches a short tunnel to the entrance hole which acts like a porch built to protect the front door of a house.



► Nest, he must attract a passing female to his fresh, green nest. He does this by hanging upside-down from the bottom of his nest, flapping his wings noisily. If a female inspects the nest and finds it green and sturdy enough, she will mate with him and then lay 2-3 eggs.

**HAKUNA
MATATA**
NO WORRIES!

"It sure is dull round here!" sighed Simba, who was feeling down in the dumps.

He rested his head

wearily on his paws and watched the driving rain sweep across the great wilderness. It was accompanied by rumbling thunder and forked lightning which split the grey sky.

"Definitely all doom, gloom and ker-boom!" groaned the young lion.

Everywhere was soaked. The weather had dampened Simba's spirits. But it was not the only cause. Sheltering beneath broad, dripping leaves, he turned glumly to his pals, Pumbaa and Timon.

"We've done nothing but luck our heels for days," he groaned. "It's high time we had ourselves some fun!"

"Mind if we wait till things dry out?"

snapped Timon, testily. "There's no thrill in getting a chill!"

The meerkat was feeling flat, too. He was about to feel flatter. Pumbaa had been half-dozing beside him. Suddenly, a crack of ear-splitting thunder crashed right overhead, waking the warthog with a start. He

sprang to his feet and, next second, slipped on the wet earth to land slap-bang on top of Timon.

"Ooomph!" spluttered the meerkat, breathlessly. With a pained look, his face peered

from under Pumbaa's bulky body. "How about giving a guy a little space, bacon-brain!"

"Er, sorry," snorted the warthog. "No sooner said than done!"

This time, Pumbaa stepped back and clumsily disturbed Simba's leafy umbrella. A pool of water that had collected there cascaded on to the luckless lion. His bad-tempered roar sent a shudder through Pumbaa and Timon's bodies.

"That does it!" bellowed the powerful young lion. "I'm going!"

As Simba sprang from cover, he was unaware of a muddy puddle in the grass. SPLOSSSH! The lion belly-flopped into it; his fur and mane became a matted, soggy mess.

"Hang on, pal, I'll join you!" yelled Pumbaa, who only wished he'd seen the pool sooner. Rain or no rain, it was the perfect place for a welcome walkover.

"Don't! Keep back!" shouted

Simba, seeing the danger.

Too late! Pumbaa dropped heavily beside him and sent a second

muddy wave washing over the lion.

"Ugh!" spluttered Simba, furiously. "You're a stupid hoghead!"

The warthog's eyes blinked like

white lights in a mud-mask.

"It was an accident," he began.

"I didn't think."

"You never do!" snarled Simba.

"Chill out, fellows!" cried Timon,

pointing to the sky. "See? The sun's

coming out. The storm's passing!

Things are about to get a lot

brighter!"

Although it was still raining, the

three pals could already feel a

welcome warmth. Simba glanced up

in amazement as broad

ribbons of coloured light arched across the sky.

"Wow! That's really something!" he cried.

"It's a rainbow!" Timon replied.

"Find the end, and you'll reach a really magical place. Only, that's

easier said than done. I've never known anyone try."

"No problem for three wiseguys like us!" grinned Pumbaa.

"Right! Let's give it a go!" added Simba, excitedly. "What are we

waiting for?"

"Definitely not for the rain to stop or the rainbow will vanish," Timon

added. "We've no time to lose!"

Follow that rainbow! Part 1





Simba was still marvelling at the rainbow as he padded powerfully across the wet grassland. The warthog ran alongside with Timon clinging to his back like a rodeo-riding

"I never thought I'd want it to rain," grinned Simba, "as long as the sun shines, too!"

"You're a whole lot sunnier!" teased Timon.

"Okay! So I was feeling blue. Then I saw red!" joked Simba.

"Now you're plain yellow, right, Simba?" added Pumbaa.

The lion stopped in mid-track, his eyes flashing.

"Are you calling me a coward?" he asked.

"No way, Simba!" Pumbaa hurriedly explained. "I just meant that your fur has turned-yellow again now that the rain has washed you clean!"

"That's all white then," chuckled Simba.

This time, all three animals laughed. Simba and Pumbaa raced on, both moving with surprising speed. Yet, however hard they tried, they seemed no nearer to the rainbow's end.

"We're getting nowhere fast!" puffed a puzzled Pumbaa.

"Don't give up," said Simba. "No-one said it would be easy!"

The grassy plain gave way to thick bush. Impatiently, the young lion led the way between some close-growing trees and soon wished he hadn't - his long mane quickly became entangled in thorny scrub. Valuable time was lost while Timon carefully helped prise Simba free.

"Things aren't looking so bright for our adventure now," the meerkat muttered.

"I... ouch! ...get the point," frowned Simba as Timon pulled out a particularly long thorn.

Suddenly, Pumbaa felt something, too. It was the soft blow of a ripe fruit bursting on his back. The warthog glanced up and saw a monkey watching him from an overhanging branch. At first, the little creature seemed surprised at losing his snack. He had obviously dropped it by mistake. Then the monkey broke into lively, chattering laughter and deliberately dropped a second fruit which exploded on the ground beside Pumbaa.

"What's this monkey business?" snorted the warthog. "We're not in the mood for playful pranks!"

But other monkeys were. Now they noisily joined in. PLOP! SPLAT! More fruits narrowly missed their target. Swinging from branch to branch, the mischievous monkeys knew they were safe.

To avoid the squashy bombardment, Simba, Timon and Pumbaa had to make a hasty retreat.

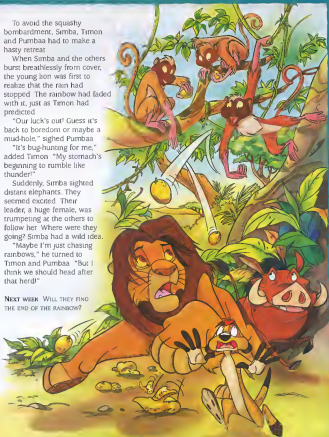
When Simba and the others burst breathlessly from cover, the young lion was first to realize that the rain had stopped. The rainbow had faded with it, just as Timon had predicted.

"Our luck's out! Guess it's back to boredom or maybe a mud-hole," sighed Pumbaa. "It's bug-hunting for me," added Timon. "My stomach's beginning to rumble like thunder!"

Suddenly, Simba sighted distant elephants. They seemed excited. Their leader, a huge female, was trumpeting at the others to follow her. Where were they going? Simba had a wild idea.

"Maybe I'm just chasing rainbows," he turned to Timon and Pumbaa. "But I think we should head after that herd!"

NEXT WEEK WILL THEY FIND THE END OF THE RAINBOW?

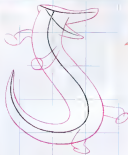


Get Drawing

Alligator swing



1 Start by drawing a big 'S' shape for Alligator's body. Add a line just below the upper line of the S. This is for the lower jaw.



3 Now draw the eyes and brows, the flower's outline, the corner of the mouth, and the line of the neck. Add parallel lines down and across the body. Draw a wavy line for the spine, plus the outline of the shape of the grass skirt.

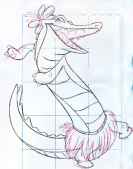


2 Draw parallel lines for the body, to meet in a point for the tail. Make an outline for the nose and jaw. Add simple shapes for the arms and legs.

Get Making

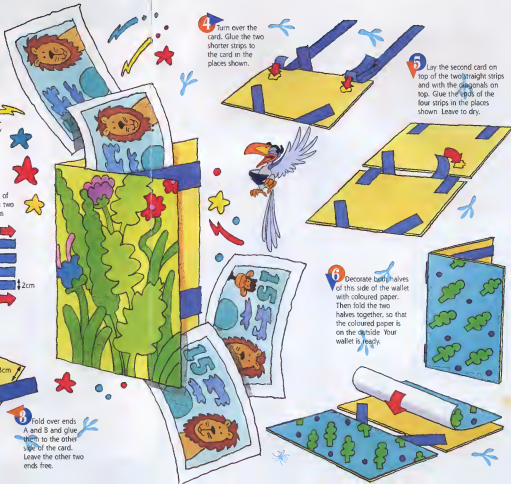
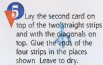
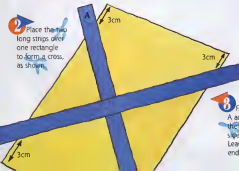
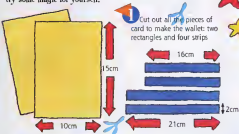


4 Draw in all the details of the mouth, flower, arms and legs. Finally, draw the waistband and grass of the swinging skirt. Now your lizard is finished and ready to dance!



Marvellous magic wallet

The forest is a magical place where strange things often happen – a place where things appear and disappear. Make this wallet and try some magic for yourself.

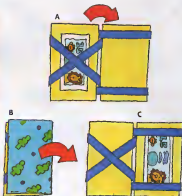


TO OPERATE YOUR WALLET

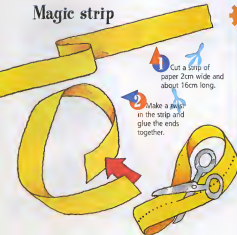
Ask someone to give you a banknote. Open the wallet, point to the inside and say: "Anything on the left side belongs to you." Put the banknote on that side. Then point to the right side and say: "Anything on this side belongs to me."

Close the wallet from left to right (A). Rap three times on the front and after the magic words: "From under leaf and stone and tree, paper money come to me." Then open your wallet from left to right (B). Watch your friend's gas drop when they see that their banknote has mysteriously moved over to your side (C).

To restore good faith, open the wallet from the other side and the note will be back where it started.



Magic strip



1 Cut a strip of paper 2cm wide and about 16cm long.

2 Make a twist in the strip and glue the ends together.

HOW IT WORKS

Loop the loop

This amazing strip of paper is called a Möbius strip - after the 18th Century german mathematician. Follow one side of the strip with your finger and you'll see that it has only one side. Some machines are driven by belts twisted into Möbius strips. A belt twisted in this way lasts twice as long as one made into a simple loop. What do you think would happen if you cut your strip down the middle again?

3 Take a pair of scissors and cut very carefully along the centre of the strip - shown here by a dotted line. What happens doesn't seem possible, but it is!



WIND

THE AIR THAT SURROUNDS EARTH DOES NOT STAND STILL - IT IS ALWAYS ON

THE MOVE, LIFTING POLLEN AND FLUFFY SEEDS

INTO THE AIR AND BLOWING DEAD LEAVES FROM TREES. WHEN IT IS REALLY FERCE, IT UPROOTS TREES AND FLINGS THEM AROUND. THIS MOVING AIR IS CALLED 'WIND'.

Wind is caused by differences in air pressure. When air is heated, it rises and creates an area of low pressure. At the warm equator, air from areas of high pressure then rushes in to replace it. This air rises and flows back towards the poles high up in the atmosphere. Because Earth rotates, air is sent off-course, causing swirling weather systems or cyclones.

IN FROM THE SEA
Cyclones start out at sea and hurtle towards land at speeds of 360km per hour. They bring lots of rain and can cause huge waves at the coast.





"Hey, little guy. If the wind gets up, you stand behind me."

"I think I'd rather stay up-wind of you, even in a hurricane."

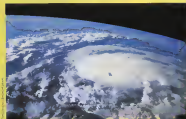


Photo: NASA Earth Observations

Across the world, there is a pattern of wind movements which does not change much. Certain winds blow all the time or at the same time every year. Some winds have been given names: there are the Trade Winds which blow towards the equator, the Mistral which blows across France, and the dry Chinook which blows down the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains in the USA. At the equator there is an area without much wind at all called the doldrums.

Then there are the savage winds which blow up from time to time and in certain places: cyclones (also known as typhoons or hurricanes) and tornadoes. These winds rage across the land and sea, sucking up water and trees and anything else that gets in their way.

A IN A SPIN
From space it is possible to see the 'eye' in the centre of a hurricane. This may be 50km wide.



Photo: Spencer Platt

◀ SAND-BLOWN
The wind can pick up sand and fling it against rocks. This can wear the rocks down to form amazing shapes.

▶ UP THE SPOUT
When a tornado occurs over the sea, it sucks up water and creates a waterspout.



Photo: Christine Hume/Photo Disc

8-9
Gale to strong gale
(62-88km per hour)



10-11
Storm
(89-117km per hour)



12-17
Cyclone
(over 117km per hour)



The Beaufort Wind Scale is used to describe the force of a wind.



Landscape from the Beaufort



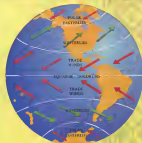
◀ DEVILISH
A sand devil is a tornado that has sucked up sand. Wind inside the funnel may be travelling at 650km per hour.

◀ TORNADO!
Tornado, twister, whirlwind – whatever the name, the result is the same. This peaceful scene is about to be destroyed. Watch out coast!

▶ WIND-BLOWN
Trees that stand in windy places grow more on the side away from the wind.



Photo: Getty Images



A WORLD WINDS
The winds of the world follow a single pattern. The directions in which they flow are affected by Earth's spinning from west to east. The winds blowing towards the equator drag behind and become Easterlies. Those blowing away from the equator get ahead of the turning Earth. They are the Westerlies.

WHEEE

PUZZLES

PUMBA'S PARADE

Pumbaa led his friends to the waterhole. He couldn't wait to be first, but Simba and Timon had other things to do. Some of the sounds the animals are making have got muddled up in the picture. Can you fit the sounds to the correct creatures?

BONK

ZZZZ

"ATAMANKAH
SEIRROWO!"

SPASH

GRRR?

WEIRD WORDS

As he jumped into the water, Pumbaa let out a yell. But there is something wrong with the words. Can you work out what Pumbaa said?

BZZZZ

TWANG

PLENTY OF P'S
How many things beginning with P can you find in this picture?

MORE PUZZLES

A COLOURFUL STORY

How many colours can you find hidden in the words of this story?

The animals went to the fair. There they saw a snake that was tied up in knots and a monkey juggling. Gorilla went to the coconut shy and with one throw hit each coconut in turn. His second throw caught Ostrich behind the ears. She gave a yell. "Ow! Look what you've done!" Gorilla just beat his chest and Ostrich didn't know if it was with pride or anger. His mate made him agree not to throw any more coconuts. "Where do we see the five colors?" asked Antelope. They found him napping his brow. "Next time I'll stick to sword swallowing," he said.

OPPOSITES

Can you match each word in a pink balloon with its opposite in a blue balloon. Is there a word left over?

STRAIGHT

DEAD

WILD

HAPPY

THIN

ALIVE

OLD

YOUNG

SAD

CURIOUS

FAST

CLOSED

TOP

OPEN

FAT

SEEKING TRIPLE Which picture in the bottom row belongs in the top row?

RAFIKI REMEMBERS

THE HOUSE THAT BUILT ITSELF

"HYENA AND BUSH CAT HAVE NEVER BEEN THE CLEVEREST OF CREATURES. THIS STORY SHOWS YOU JUST HOW SHORT-SIGHTED AND NAIVE THEY CAN BE!"

Hyena was tired of her house and wanted to build herself a new one in a different place. So she looked around the bush and finally found a nice spot. It was shaded by a thorn tree and a large rock gave it some privacy.

"This is the place for me!" said Hyena. "I'm a bit tired now, so I'll go home, but tomorrow I will start to clear the grass."

Now it just so happened that Serval the bush cat was also looking for a place to build a new house. And it just so happened that she came across the same spot as Hyena and liked it. So she got down to work straight away and cleared a patch of grass.



When Hyena came the next day, she found a large patch of earth. "This place is even better than I thought," she said. "The grass has cleared itself. Now I can level the ground and make it ready for building." And so she did.

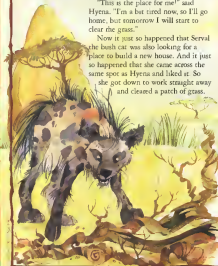
When she had gone, Serval arrived. "My goodness!" she gasped. "The ground has levelled itself. I'll go and fetch some timber."

So she collected several fallen tree trunks, put them in a pile near the cleared ground and left.

After her rest, Hyena returned.

"These trees must have fallen in a pile - funny I never noticed them before," she said. Then she fixed the posts close together in the ground so that they formed the walls for the new house.

The next day, Serval found the posts in the ground. "It's amazing how these posts have fixed themselves!" she said.



Feeding regime: The animals and insects chosen in each phase fit the top line with the sequence: *SARILLARCA NIGROUS* (50%) in the bottom cage, and the stage below the sequence.

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